

The Saturday News

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Note and Comment

While Sir Wilfrid Laurier said a few days after his arrival at Winnipeg that he could not help feeling "the uplift of the West," few people thought that he would, at so early a date, declare himself so thoroughly in sympathy with Western sentiment on a vital matter of public policy as he did during the past week. When the first delegations waited upon him to ask that the government move more rapidly in the direction of tariff reduction, his replies were what ninety-nine per cent. of those who interview politicians receive. He was glad to hear the expression of their views and he and his colleagues would give their representations early and earnest consideration. But when the Premier reached Lanigan and heard the same story as had been given him at other points, he threw off reserve and made a statement which, from a Western standpoint, is one of the most significant that has ever come from a Canadian public man. Strange to say, it seems to have evoked more comment in the Old Country than in the Dominion. The London press have been full of references to it. But we shall hear a great deal more of it. This is what the Premier said:

"The tariff the Liberal Government has given is not the best, but it is better than that which it displaced. It needs further improvements. It will have to be gradually reduced. Further revision must be made, but before revision is undertaken the Government will again appoint a commission to investigate. This commission will consult with the Grain Growers. It will consult with the various interests concerned. It will aim, having in view the common wealth of our country, to go as far as may be justifiable towards the trade policy of England, the shining example of the world, although it cannot be expected that we can accomplish in one or two generations what it took in England eight centuries to arrive at."

There is nothing obscure about this statement and the most ardent low-tariff man, who is at the same time cognizant of the fact that the progress towards his ideals must be made by slow stages in a country where a protectionist system has hitherto prevailed, could not look for anything more. The Government's trade policy during the past thirteen years has been objected to not because it did not throw down all tariff barriers and introduce free trade as it was in England. This was impracticable and would ultimately have thrown back the cause of fiscal liberty to a very serious extent. A violent reversal would have caused a panic and the final result would have been the raising rather than the lowering of the tariff.

Sir Thomas Farrer, head of the Cobden Club, saw this in 1897, when the British preference was introduced. He accepted it as carrying out for the time being the pledge of the Liberal party and pointed out that easy stages towards a complete tariff for revenue would have to be adopted. The great thing to his mind was that the Government should show itself true to anti-protectionist ideals and move as rapidly as was feasible, without causing large industrial disturbances, towards these. But from that date to this there has been little to encourage those who belonged to the school of political thinking represented by Sir Thomas.

The ministry has not only made no progress in the course that he indicated. In some respects it has receded from his position, as for instance when it yielded to the clamor of the woollen manufacturers who claimed that with the preference they could not meet English competition. There have been the very strongest kind of protectionists in the ministry and among the Liberal supporters in parliament and grave and reasonable fears have been felt at times that they would secure the paramount influence.

Now Sir Wilfrid comes out and pledges his party to resume the work begun in 1897. His announcement may well evoke enthusiasm all through the Western provinces and through the greater part of those to the east, where only a small proportion of the people have anything to gain by the maintenance of protectionist ideals. His move is a statesmanlike one, while at the same time good politics. With the growing influence of the West, a party that wishes to retain or to acquire power must strengthen itself here.

The Conservatives have lost a great chance in not

listening to the small element in their ranks which has been urging a reversal of the party's fiscal policy with a view to capturing the Western vote. There would be nothing strange in such a volte face. Sir John A. Macdonald, if he had been still alive, would undoubtedly have made it. He was a free trader by conviction and was quite frank in stating that he adopted protection purely as a political expedient. When it was good party policy to turn the other way, he would have been only too glad to have done so.

The present year in the Canadian West, while it will show a considerable decrease in the grain yield per acre, is undoubtedly having a good effect in calling attention to the need of changing the method of cultivating the land. We have a wonderful country, but it wouldn't take many years of the kind of prosperity that it has been enjoying of late, to ruin it utterly. This policy of taking all the wealth possible out of the soil and putting none back must, unless retarded by some agency or other, ultimately make the country a desert. The United States is still a young country, but it is feeling the effects of this exploitation. Miss Agnes C. Laut, the well-known Canadian magazine writer, gave a picture in a recent issue of Collier's Weekly which shows the need of intervention on the part of conservation commissioners to preserve the wealth not only of the forests and the mines and the water-powers of a country, but of the soil itself.

"There never was a period in the history of the world," writes Miss Laut, "not excepting war and famine—when such uniformly high prices ruled for

other States. Practically only a little over 2,000,000 are drawing their support from the soil.

"The same story could be told of all New England with the exception of parts of Maine and Massachusetts. The funny man's description of "crops of moss from New York, summer boarders for New Hampshire, summer swells for Massachusetts, and commuters from New Jersey," is of course an exaggeration; but it is an exaggeration that has a lot of truth in it."

With so many millions of dollars tied up in municipal enterprises in this part of the world, we cannot help being much interested in all information available, regarding the progress of the public ownership principle elsewhere. The Dalrymple incident in Chicago of a few years ago will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Dalrymple, the general manager of the Glasgow Corporation Tramways, was brought out to the Windy City to aid those who were anxious to municipalize the street railways there and to devise a general plan of procedure. He had only been on the spot a few days when he threw consternation into the ranks of those responsible for his presence by declaring most emphatically that with conditions of municipal government as they were in Chicago, municipal ownership of street railways was quite impracticable. The result was that the movement died an early death. Mr. Dalrymple was no mere doctrinaire. He had made a success of a municipal system in Glasgow, but it was a different proposition entirely in Chicago.

The principle is neither right nor wrong in itself. It can be successfully applied where the citizens are

SIGNS OF PROGRESS



Strawberries from the farm of A. G. Bennett near Lake Wabamun, west of Edmonton. This box of berries is not specially selected for exhibition purposes but is a fair sample of those offered for sale. The growing of strawberries promises to develop into an industry of considerable proportions in the district.



The commodious country home recently erected by Mr. E. Simmons in the Josephsburg Settlement east of Fort Saskatchewan.

farm produce, when the world demand was so uniformly greater than the world supply; and there never has been a period—as far as the United States is concerned—when there were so many abandoned farms, when there existed such a uniform deterioration in farm value, such a uniform and persistent movement away from the land to the town in the sections of the country known as the abandoned farm area.

"Take the United States as a whole—on the first of January, 1909, according to special returns gathered by the Conservation Commission, there were 10,000 square miles of abandoned farms chiefly in New England, New York, the Southeast and the Middle Central States. That is, there are in the United States at present 10,000,000 acres of abandoned farms—an area the same as all that part of the Canadian Northwest that is cultivated, fifteen times the size of Rhode Island, four times the size of Connecticut, twice the size of New Jersey. Averaging up the farms of the United States the size per farm is 116 acres; so that there are enough abandoned farms to set up 70,000 farmers. Doesn't look very much as if the abandoned farms were decreasing, does it, though one hears general rumors to that effect constantly.

Take the abandoned farm areas by sections—in New York State between 1830 and 1900 more than 14,000 farms were abandoned, more than 400,000 people left the country for the city; twenty agricultural districts showed a decrease in the population. If New York land were worked to its full capacity it would support a population equal to France, between thirty and forty million. As matters stand, the population is over 7,000,000; but 5,000,000 of these are city people who draw their sustenance from

prepared to put honest and efficient men in charge of their enterprises and allow them to do their work unimpaird by the political heeler, but not otherwise. This is the crux of the whole subject.

Mr. Dalrymple still retains his interest in Chicago, however, and the other day sent the annual statement of the Glasgow tramway system for the perusal of the mayor and council. This leads the Chicago Tribune to offer these observations:

"Mr. Dalrymple made a shrewd observer, as might have been expected of a Scotchman, and his rapid survey of political conditions which existed and which he knew must continue prompted him to challenge the possibility of competent municipal operation of street cars in Chicago. It is our necessity to admit that we have not removed perceptibly the obstacles. Municipal operation of street cars is not a disturbing issue at this time. Another swing around the circle may bring it back, and if back it comes a pious hope might be expressed that it will find a community better organized politically. The Tribune is convinced that the position of the opponents of municipal operation has been justified and that the street railway ordinances by which the street car companies are governed are a far more intelligent solution of the question than would have been the attempt to place the Glasgow idea in effect.

"Mr. Dalrymple's report shows that the Glasgow tramways' net earnings, after the withdrawal of \$300,000 for depreciation, were approximately \$260,000. That Chicago's share from the net earnings of the City Railway company alone for only the last quarter were considerably larger than this is interesting, but is of little value as a comparison, rates of fare and conditions generally being so entirely different. It does show, however, that Chi-

cago made a good and not a bad bargain.

"There is a disposition to turn the arguments once used against municipal operation of street cars in opposition now to the efforts of the city to own and control its harbor. The absurdity of this readily appears. The conditions which made the municipal operation of street cars impracticable are not duplicated in the harbor question. The simplicity of the machinery needed for this proposed municipal undertaking is enough to prevent it from becoming the prey of "practical" politicians and from being cursed with their incompetency."

The death of Mr. John A. Ewan, assistant editor of the Toronto Globe, removes one of the ablest and one of the most likable men that have ever been associated with the Canadian press. He served the Globe for many years, entering the editorial department in 1879, and was no small factor in bringing it to the proud position which it holds today in the world of Canadian newspapers. It is one of the peculiarities, one might almost say tragedies, of impersonal journalism that the name of a man who each morning for thirty years has made an intimate appeal to a wide circle of readers should be quite unknown to the large majority of them. In the case of a worker of equal eminence in any other field, it would be a household word.

Hon. George P. Graham at a Manitoba town was met the other day by a man who had driven sixteen miles to shake the Minister's hand.

"My father," he said, "was a strong Conservative. Some years ago an address by you in our old home county of Bruce induced him to cast his first Liberal vote. He has been an out-and-out Liberal ever since." The Minister was frankly pleased and appreciated it. "That such a rare occurrence was evidenced from the fact," says the correspondent who relates it, "that only one similar incident could be recalled by the party, that of a case in which a speech by Hon. Edward Blake was admitted by a hearer to have changed his politics."

If this is the case, what, we may ask, is the object of the flood of oratory that is expended year after year? Or is it that voters are so secretive as to what prompts them in casting their ballots in a certain way that the speechmakers really accomplish more than they are given credit for? The subject is well worth while investigating.

The Saturday News had a somewhat extended reference not long ago to that very remarkable man, Sir William Butler, so intimately associated with the early days of this country. His career was marked by a variety of incident that seldom come within one man's experience. That clever and well-informed writer who calls himself the Marquis de Fontenoy, calls attention to one chapter in Sir William's life to which but a few of the newspaper reviews made reference. It had to do with the famous Colin-Campbell divorce case, in which he was cited as a co-respondent. Some American journals spoke of this as a blot on his otherwise fine record.

"Those who thus censure him," writes the Marquis, "are probably ignorant of the fact that he scarcely knew the Colin Campbells; that at the time of the latter's divorce case, one of the most shocking of the last thirty or forty years, he had been most happily married for more than a decade to Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the famous artist who painted 'The Roll Call,' which is as well known on this side of the Atlantic as in Europe, and that the dragging of his name into the case as the alleged lover of a woman whom he had met but once out at dinner, and on whom he had subsequently made a single short call, on her invitation, was a piece of gratuitous indignity of which only a man of such spiteful temperament as Lord Colin could have rendered himself guilty.

"Sir William, who was a devout Catholic and a man of the type of his old friend General Gordon of Khartoum, resented bitterly being dragged into the case and as no papers had been served upon him he took advantage of his being abroad to remain away, realizing that if he appeared in court, no matter how much evidence he gave of the innocence of his relations with Lady Colin, his name would always be associated in the mind of the public as one of her admirers.

"That his conduct in the matter was approved of by Queen Victoria, by the late King and by his military superiors and fellow officers is best shown by the fact that his refusal to appear at the trial never interfered with his promotion or with the high regard and respect in which he was held at court, (Continued on page eight.)

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THE CRY OF THE OLD HOUSE

(Lizette Woodworth Reese, in the 'Atlantic Monthly')

Come back!
My little lads, come back!
My little maids, with starched frocks
My lad, my maids, come back!
The poplar-trees are black
Against the keen, lone throbbing sky!
The tang of the old box
Fills the clear dusk from wall to wall,
And the dew falls.
Come back!
I watch, I cry:
Leave the rude wharf, the mart,
Come back!
Else shall I break my heart.

Am I forgot:
My days as they were not?—
The warm, sweet, crooning tunes;
The Sunday afternoons,
Wrought but for you?
The larkspur growing tall,
You wreathed in pink and blue,
Within your prayer-book small;
The cupboard carved both in and out,
With curious, prickly vine,
And smelling far and fine;
The pictures in a row,
Of folk you did not know;
The toys, the games, the shrill, gay
rout;

The larkspur, that at hour for bed,
A charmed, but homely red,
Went flickering from shed to shed;
The fragrant crumpling, spicy, good,
Brought in from the great wood;
The Dark that held you all about;
The Wind that would not go—
Come back, my women and my men,
And take them all again!
Not yet, not yet,
Can you forget—
For you that are a man,
You battle not or reap, you dream not
plain.

And you so gray of look,
You can not pluck a rose, or read a
book,
Do aught for faith or fame, or
tears,
But I am there with all my years
Oh, one and all,
When at the eventfall,
Your slim girls sing out on the stair,
Lo, I am there!
When blow the cheery boughs so fair
Athwart your slender town yards far
at all,
Once you have no word to
say:
For at your throat a spark, strange
thing—
An old house set in an old spring!

Come back!
Come up the still, accustomed, wistful
lands,
The poplar-haunted lands:
You need not call,
For I shall know.
And light the candles tall,
Set wine and loaf a-row.
Come back!
Unlatch the door,
And fall upon my heart once more;
For I shall comfort you, O lad!
Oh, daughter, I shall make you wholly
glad!

The wreck, the wrong,
The unavailing throng,
The sting, the smart,
Shall be as they were not,
Forgotten, forgot!
And fall upon my heart.
Come back!

I had an Englishman tell me this
week that he hadn't seen a single
"home" in Canada.
On top of that a caller yesterday
querulously enough, made the remark that
there wasn't a single home in Edmonton
that you couldn't purchase. The
drift of both statements embrace the
same sentiment, that we of the West,
are a rather mercenary people.
Of course I was quite put out by
Mr. Englishman, and told him as
much. I referred him to dozens of
"homes" that appear to me to be most
attractive. To which he replied that
I didn't begin to understand the basis
of his argument, and went on to ex-
plain.

"In England," he said, "when you
meet a man in town, at the end of the
day and ask: 'Where are you going?'
he will probably reply: 'I'm going
home.' Out here he will more likely
say: 'I'm off to the Club.' In one
case the man's idea of enjoyment is
what 'home' embraces, in the other
the 'Club' represents the freedom and
occupation he most desires. That is
because he has no real home to go to.

"Of course I'm not comparing the
houses so much as the atmosphere.
Here a man's home is in reality his
boarding house. He gets up in the
morning, hurries through breakfast,

and is off to the office before you can
count ten. Lunch he may, or may
not, come home to. If so, it is to
rush through it and again stampede
to his work. Dinner is another
ried meal, eaten rapidly, because the
proceeding has become a habit. After
it the man of means has usually a
meeting, his club, or some excuse to
take him away from home."

"With us it is very, very different.
A man's home is his castle. There he
retires—I say retires, because his
place is, as a rule, shut off from its
neighbors—to enjoy the privacy de-
nied him down town. He has his
ground, and his pets, and a dozen pet
hobbies and details of keeping up
the property to engage his attention.
He has his wife, and his children, and
the life led by the average English
child is very far removed from life
as his small Canadian cousin knows
it.

"In England children are not allowed
to run the streets and rule the
house, as they do with y-u. There
they live their healthy, hearty little
lives inside the 'castle' grounds.
"That is why, I think, our children
become so much more attached to
their 'homes' than you do in this
country. All their childish memories
cling round the one place, the old
house, the lovely, and well-tended out-
door surroundings.

"In this country a child remembers
not one, but a dozen homes.
"Again, we live at so much more lei-
surely a pace than is the custom in
Canada, and the west, particularly.
Here everything is bustle and change,
from hour to hour. A man hasn't
time to read or pass a quiet evening
in the bosom of his family.

"Dinner, on the contrary, at home,
is always a delightful meal, eaten in
leisurely fashion, and followed by an
hour or so of happy intimate con-
versation. We are conservative, if you
like, but the mode of existence tends
to stronger family ties, greater loyal-
ty, and a better upbringing, than is
possible under your conditions."

With my caller's argument that
there isn't a home in town that money
couldn't purchase, few will disagree.
We are just beginning to build homes
in Edmonton; up to the present time
we have just been making houses.
You know the subtle difference of the
two terms. Therein you have the de-
finition of the word, East and West.
In the one case the thousand and
one little touches that show that the
making of the place has been a labor
of love. The spirit that broods over a
home where happy, contented wives
and mothers have left their tender,
loving legacies of sweet old flower
gardens, pleasant lawns, and innum-
erable household conveniences, and
on the other hand the deadly bleakness
of a too, too new and shiny room.

A house with memories and asso-
ciations, is like an old college, no money
or skill can take the place of the at-
mosphere it creates.
It is peopled, this I most certainly
believe, by the spirits of those who
have gone before, by the happy times
they have spent there, by ghosts, if
you like, but the rooms and place,
breathes an air of companionship that
keeps one in an empty room, still
pleasant company.

I love the dear old stories that
cling round such subjects as "My
Lady's Bower," the "Blue Lady's
room," and so on, because, in my day,
I have known what it was to trespass
on a ghostly habitation. Have you
never known the sacrilegious feeling
of appropriating a dead woman's cher-
ished china? Have you never gazed
up on a fine old portrait and seen the
shadow man or lady, look back at you
with a world of knowledge and com-
prehension, with a something that
baffled and puzzled you long, if not
forever? Are not your intimate rooms, thronged
with relatives and friends who have
long since "turned the corner," but
who still keep you company by the aid
of those ghostly pictures we call
photographs?

To this extent, I comprehend my
Englishman's meaning.
But at the present time the old
transitory order of the West is giving
place to happier customs.

Walk down any street and you will
recognize dozens of homes in the
making. Homes, I believe, not readi-
ly purchasable. Most of them, I ad-
mit have one fault: every backyard
gazes over a ridiculously foolish
fence at its fellow. The "fence" is
merely a line of division, not an aid
to any possible privacy. Consequently
"home" to most of us means, in-
doors. On our lawns, (those of us
who have the luck to have one, which

I wouldn't presume to suggest as re-
gards myself) one walks as publicly as
on the main thoroughfares.

Mr. Englishman is away out though,
when he speaks of all of Canada as he
does of the West. My old home town,
for instance, aside from its homes,
beautiful public buildings and lovely
surroundings, has nothing to brag
about. Of business, as we know it
here in the West, it hasn't the faint-
est conception. The stores are some
of them very good, but it is in a
steady-going sort of a way, old-fash-
ioned almost. One has one's grocer,
So and So's old stand, one's dry-goods
merchant, to whom one has gone
since the beginning. You go back
ten years from now and they will
be there, exactly as they were ten
years before, with very few differences
as to clerks, or appearance. I think
it is a mistake when change in the
shape of Death, remove the resident.
Oh! but the homes, the dear old
churches overgrown with ivy, the
cool lawns, the well-groomed parks!
These, not business, are their lives.

I have told you how I was stricken
dumb with a new love when I went
back to it all, but I didn't tell you of
sitting in pleasant, beautiful old par-
lor, of hearing old grandfather's
clocks ticking peacefully in the big
wide halls, of honey-bees buzzing
drowsily up against the vine-sheltered
windows, of gazing out across shady
velvet lawns, covered with a caressing
shelter of great handsome leaves.

And it is not only the exquisite
home-loving air of the town itself but
the repose of the people that im-
presses you. The sensation they
create, of taking time to do things,
to finish what they begin. The east
may lack much that we enjoy in the
West, but certainly the charge of be-
ing lacking in a home-making atmos-
phere can never be laid at their doors.

In time out here we will shake down
to loving the land, not its market
price. At present we are a race of
gamblers, dazzled a bit with having
pulled out a big jack pot, and like
little children, are not quite sure what
we want to do with our prize.

I have taken a great deal of honest
pleasure in reading "Janey Canuck
in the West." Quite candidly I have
had to give the book a hurried skim-
ming through, for the past week has
been a very trying one. However,
even so short a shift has been suf-
ficient to make me appreciate the hap-
py, hearty, bracing ginger of Janey
and her book, while some of the
charming little word pictures and de-
scriptions of Western life and scenery,
have called for a second reading at
the risk of not finishing the volume
for another seven days.

My chief, and perhaps only, crow
to pick with the breezy Janey, is that
there is just a bit too much of a great
many other people, and not enough
of Janey herself; of her quick, apt,
phrases, her sparkling humor, and
general gay and very understandable
summing up of life and conditions as
she has found them in this new and
comparatively unknown country. I
mean by this, the very free use she
makes of the trite and common, and
often beautiful sayings and descrip-
tions recorded of other people, which
are so numerous as to suggest their
being sandwiched in head foremost.
Perhaps I like things "straight," so to
speak, and a bit and miss substitute is
not to my taste. However, it is the
custom of the times to talk in crisp
nervous phrases, whether they're your
own or the other man's, but it reminds
me to much of a great many books I
have been reading of late, which im-
press me fearfully and wonderfully
with the erudition of their writers,
and their snappy arresting style, but
by that very quality are soon lost to
memory. In Emily Ferguson's style
she has too fine and free a style to
let a little mistake like this mar her
for long. A woman who can sum
up a sunrise in such a vivid telling
way as, "There was not much to see—
just the light on the sloughs," can rely
on herself to write her book without
any "help."

The chapter on Edmonton I would
also have preferred with personal
names eliminated, and more typical
incidents chosen for description than
a paper chase. However, with that
said, nothing remains but praise.
Praise of the excellent make-up of the
book, praise of the capital manner in
which it is illustrated, and first honors
of all to the authoress herself.

The dissertations on pigs and cats
and "out West" and women who
crowded into incidents that to another
woman would have been maddening,
the quaint humor that bubbles up at
every page, well that is Janey Canuck
at her best.

Men who want to know how we
live "out West" and women who
have, or have not, duplicated Janey's
experiences, will pick up this attrac-
tive volume with delight, and close
the book declaring that at last a wo-
man's virile pen has come to depict
Western life and Western character.

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Taking Medicine

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that our method of compounding pre-
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its accuracy and its success in producing
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Advertise in the News

SABLE AND PURPLE

A new volume of verse by William Watson, the noted English poet, is just off the press. It comprises four poems, the first being a poem on the death of the King "Sable and Purple," May, 1910. The poem is as follows:

I sing not Death. Death is too great a thing.
For me to dare to sing.
I chant the human goodness, human worth
Which are not lost, but sweeten still the earth;
The things that live, not with the up-
yielded breath,
But, housed in sanctuary of simple hearts,
Live undethroned when Death
Comes to the chamber of a mighty King.
And sheds abroad the silence of his wing,
Then shakes his raven plumage and departs.

II.
Honor the happy dead with sober praise,
Who living would have scorned the fulsome phrase,
Meet for the languorous Orient's jewelled ear.
This was the English King that loved the English ways;
A man not too remote, or too august,
For other mortal children of the dust
To know and to draw near.
Born with a nature that demanded joy,
He took full draughts of life, nor did the vintage cloy;
But, when he passed from vision whose long
Had not aloft—alone—
On the steep heights of an Imperial throne,

Then rose he large and strong,
Then spake his voice with new and grander tone.
Then, came to rule the state
Which he had only served,
He saw clear duty plain, nor from that highway swerved,
And unappalled by his majestic fate,
Pretended not to greatness, yet was great.

III.
Sea-lover and sea-rover, throned henceforth
Amid the paths and passes of the sea;
You that have sailed out of our stormy North,
And have not sailed in vain,
To all the golden shores where now you reign,
Through every ocean gate whereof
You keep the key:

O may your power and your domain stand
Fixt on what things soever make men free
In dutiful love of ordered liberty:
So shall your praise be blown from strand to strand,
Your father lies among the Kings his kin,
Pillowed on yonder couch of silence,
where

No wandering echo of the world's loud blare
Profanes the awesome air.
The age that bore us is entombed there
With You the younger time is eager to begin.

Let nations see, beneath your prospering hand,
An Empire mighty in arms, its fleets and hosts
Keeping far vigil round your hundred coasts—
An Empire mighty in arms but therewithal
Nourished in mind with noble thoughts made rich
And panopied in knowledge, lacking which
The proudest fortress is but feebly manned
And ever trembles at its thunderous fall.

And now to You—to Her who at your side
Henceforth shall divide
The all but dreadful glory of a crown—
Be honor and felicity and renown!
And may the inscrutable years,
That claim from every man their toll of tears,
Weave for your brows a wreath that shall not fade—
A chaplet and a crown divinely made
Out of your people's love, your people's trust:
For wanting these all else were but as dust.
In that great balance where in Kings are weighed.

THE WEST'S TRANSPORTATION DEVELOPMENT

Great Advances Which are Being Made All Through the Country

It was only yesterday that "the obnoxious howl of the steam-whistle" drowned the cry of the coyote. Men not yet old remember when Winnipeg was without railroad connection. Scarcely a quarter century has passed since it was joined to the Pacific by rail. And now comes the promise that when the Centennial Exposition is held in 1914 there will be three main lines stretching across Canada from ocean to ocean.

This month regular passenger express traffic was begun over the long stretch of Grand Trunk Pacific line from Edmonton to Winnipeg, marking an important stage in that road's advance. Three transcontinental systems, with their growing network of feeders, already serve the Middle West, while in British Columbia the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific are racing each other and vying with the Canadian Pacific, in rushing lines through the province. And not only east and west, but northward as well, development is being pushed. Tenders are called for during this month for the construction of a bridge over the Saskatchewan—a first step to the early construction of the Hudson Bay Railway. Work on the bridge is to be begun promptly in order to facilitate the material across the river for construction of the road early in the summer of next year.

Nor is interest in waterway transportation lacking. A Dominion government scheme is now on its way to make detailed examination of the Hudson's Bay route with a view to determining how it may best be adapted to western wheat shipping. Internal waterways, too, are receiving attention. From Edmonton to Winnipeg the Saskatchewan river is being surveyed to ascertain the probable cost of an 8-foot navigable channel. That there are any insurmountable engineering difficulties is unlikely. As to whether the expense involved would be justified by advantages gained, is a question to be discussed when the survey is made. Meanwhile, the Minister of Public Works hints at the route's outlet by way of the Nelson to Hudson's Bay.

In the last quarter century Canada has increased its railway mileage by about 140 per cent—exceeding even Russia's gain of 136 per cent. In proportion to population Canada has now the largest railway mileage of any country in the world—one mile to about 300 people. But this does not indicate any surplussage of transportation facilities. In proportion to its habitable and rapidly filling area, it has a smaller mileage than any other civilized country. In point of capitalization it is notable that Canadian railroads lead the world's record at something under \$50,000 per mile, the next lowest being those of the United States at \$57,000 or over.

The overseas investors in Canadian railroad securities has had profitable experiences—and others not so profitable. Money has been poured in projects some of which have not got beyond the charter stage. Still with the upbuilding of the west and the industrial development of the country as a whole, railroad extension offers plenty of opportunity for further profitable investment.

But is it certainly no help to Canadian interests at this time that gross exaggeration should be used in pushing any particular enterprise. A prospectus now circulating in Great Britain relating to the Hudson's Bay & Pacific Railway draws the long bow with a vengeance when it sums up some ingenious calculations by saying:

"On the above figures, and taking into consideration the extra value of the town sites, it is evident that the Development Company shares may ultimately receive considerably more than the £54 per £1 share in dividends."

That the project outlined, carefully constructed and managed, would give reasonable returns is quite likely—but the word-painting indulged in by the promoter does not begot confidence. As to the general outlook, few will differ from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's expressed view, that the West has plenty of room for increased transportation facilities—Canadian Finance, Winnipeg.

THE CRAVING TO SCREAM

Under this title Mr. Arthur Machen contributes to the London News an amusing theory of the kind of pleasure which is derived from switchback and spiral railways, the "Flap-flap," "Wiggle-woggle," and similar contrivances.

"The question is: Why do people pay their sixpences by the hundreds

and the thousands in order to obtain sensations which in everyday life they would avoid with horror and disgust? The ordinary human being does not like to be bumped or whirled or swirled or wobbled or rapt through space at a hideous speed; he would do a great deal to shun the sensation of being suspended as if without support in mid-air. Then why are all the contrivances named such tremendous successes? Why does the suspense and the screams never fail?

"Well, a friend of mine, an eminent musician, accustomed to probe the psychology of noise to its depths, once offered me an interesting solution of the difficulty. We had just rushed down the water-chute at Earl's Court together—I have seldom experienced a more disagreeable sensation—and he drew my attention to the screams and shrieks which rent the air as the boats swept down that horrible descent and struck the water with a sickening bang. 'The fact is,' said the musician, 'that all girls want to scream. We don't know why they do so; most likely we are not meant to know; but there it is—they must scream, or they must—well, become politicians. Now the people who run these shows have meditated on this fact. They know that girls want to scream, and they know that society frowns on the practice of screaming in the streets or at afternoon teas or what drives. So they have invented the water-chute and the switch-back and other things, s'uply in order that girls may scream and shriek & cry without reproach. All these dodges are simply excuses for screaming.' Such was the musician's theory, and I am inclined to think that there is a good deal to be said for it."

HE WILL NOT RUST

Says Harper's Weekly:
Persons who feel that the Colonel must run again for President, because they think he could get the nomination, seem to us to overrate the attractions of the Presidential office to a man who has already had a full experience of it, and to underrate the liveliness and versatility of Mr. Roosevelt's mind. The New York Evening Post, in praising his Romanesque lecture, says:

"The same astonishing energy which

To CURE Any Headache
in shortest possible time, and in such a way as to help and not injure the health, use "Mathies's Nerve Powders." They are Safe, Simple, Sure. Sold by all druggists 25c. per box—box contains 18 powders

distinguishes Mr. Roosevelt in his political life and in his physical achievements, is manifest in the breadth and multiplicity of the questions he touches upon relating to the survival of species and races and nations and politics. The reader cannot fail to be impressed with the range of his knowledge, the extent of his reading, and the remarkable variety of his intellectual interests."

It might as well be recognized that the Colonel is entirely capable of considering that to be President again would be good neither for him nor for the country, and of adhering resolutely to a determination long ago published, that he will not again be a candidate for that office. Nor do we think it will take him long to demonstrate that he is also entirely capable of employing himself and his prodigious reputation profitably and strenuously enough, in other occupations. There is lots to do in the world, including a good many important things that can be done to better advantage by a man who has been President. Undoubtedly, the Colonel will undertake to do them all, and possibly will achieve prodigies of performance that will win him the title of President Emeritus of the United States, with a claim on the Carnegie Foundation.

SOUTH COUNTRY HAS NOTHING TO HIDE

(Carmangay Sun)

This is the year to let the people of the world know about southern Alberta. You might say, What have we got to show this year, everything is dried up? Not at all, brother, there are lots of good fields of grain right here in this district today. This goes to show without a doubt that with proper cultivation Southern Alberta can

grow good crops with very little moisture as this section of Southern Alberta, and we will show you a country completely turned up.

You have but to take a drive in the country to see fields of grain looking fine and will yield fifteen bushels to the acre. When you consider that we have had no rain worth speaking of for over a year, and very little snow last winter, it is marvellous that there is any grain growing at all. We believe that this proves that Southern Alberta can produce good wheat and lots of it with less moisture than any other country in the world.

Still another lesson will be learned from the dry year: that the land has to be properly cultivated to ensure results. There are a great many examples of what cultivation will do right in this section. You will see while driving through the country that on one side of the road, where the land has been properly cultivated, there is a good stand of grain, while on the other side the field has been disc'd on top of stubble the grain is not growing at all. Gentlemen, don't get discouraged. You are living in the best wheat belt in the world today. Every country has its off years. When you feel like throwing up the sponge, just remember that we are only one of many countries experiencing the same drought, and also remember that notwithstanding this drought, we will have a number of fair crops in this district this year.

Harder Still

"Hullo, Ned, old boy! Writing home for money?"

"No."

"What are you making so much fuss over? You've been fuming over that letter for two hours."

"I'm trying to write home without asking for money."

AN EPITAPH OF EGYPT

"Within the tomb of a young girl, probably a daughter of Mena, the founder of Memphis, was found the simple inscription that she was 'Sweet of heart.'"

"Here, in this weltering, western world,

The veil of sixty centuries lifts,
And strews a crowded London floor
With trove of Egypt's sandy drifts.
Here, among gobbets kings have quaffed,

Love laughs to scorn the goldsmith's art,
Where one small stone in brief attests
Mena's young daughter 'Sweet of heart.'"

"Yet well through all the changeable years
Thy tomb has kept its ancient trust!
The love that left thee with the stars
Still proves thee peerless in the dust;

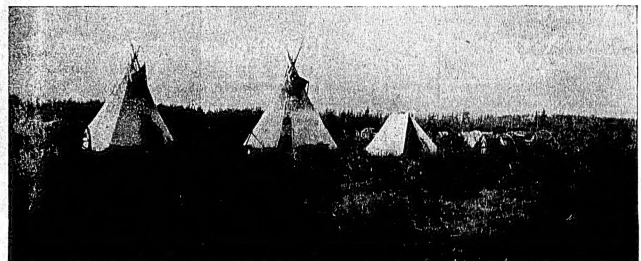
More splendid than these gems which light
Death's way for kings with quenchless flame,
A chisel steeped in tears has traced
The legend of thy fragrant fame."

—Ethel M. Hewitt, in Harper's Magazine.

Special Notice.

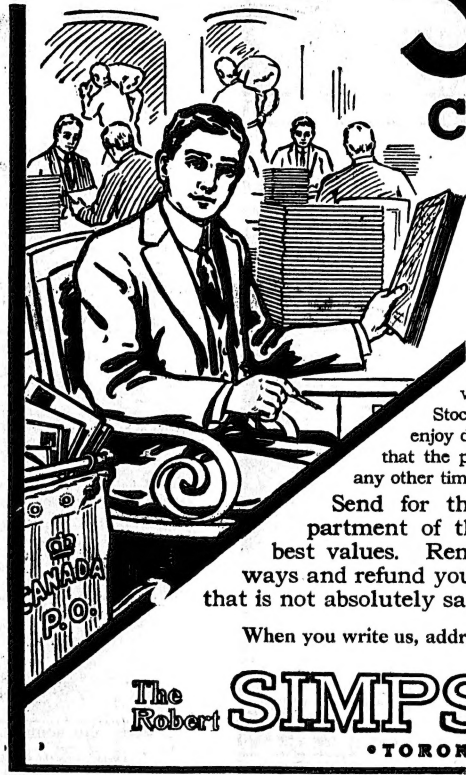
BETTER THAN SPANKING.

"Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Simmons, Box 411 Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urino diffusion by day or night."



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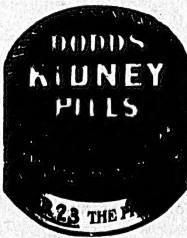
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THE SEVEN EUROPEAN RULERS WHO ATTENDED KING EDWARD'S FUNERAL IN ENGLAND



ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS

LATE KING'S DOG WORKS FOR LIVING

Caesar, the late King Edward's famous terrier, who figured so prominently in the royal funeral, is now working for his living. He is an official collector for the King Hospital fund in London. Every day he goes about with a box on his shoulders, gathering charitable doles for the support of the London hospitals in which his late master took so keen an interest. Wherever Caesar goes, especially among the aristocratic upper classes—he has the entrée as a matter of course—he is met by a golden shower.

The popularity of Caesar among the English people is something astonishing. When the little dog appeared in the royal procession it was the one touch of nature that made the British crowd kin. Tears flowed abundantly at the sight of "Teddy's terrier" as Caesar is affectionately called. Even at the door of Westminster Hall, where the body was laid in state, the queen mother bent down and caressed Caesar. And now the dog is enshrined in the hearts of the animal-loving Britishers.

In fact, it is this peculiar love for domestic pets that has helped to endear the English reigning house to the people. Queen Alexandra has a great fondness for King Charles spaniels, while King Edward preferred the more common breeds. Caesar is a very ordinary looking terrier, such as many a workingman possesses, and this fact alone has greatly added to the fame of this particular dog. Never before, perhaps, has any dog become so overwhelmingly popular as Caesar. The toy shops in London are elsewhere are selling thousands of copies of Caesar made in wood and metal, and his effigy has even supplanted the Teddy bear in the hearts of the English children.

It is not exactly a new role that the king's dog is playing in becoming a collector for charitable purposes. Many dogs in various parts of England are following this occupation. The London fire brigade has a dog collector who, "which" as these dogs are so human—gathers large sums of money for the widows and orphans of firemen. Several British regiments also have dog collectors for similar functions.

IS IT EVER RIGHT TO TELL A LIE?

Is a lie ever permissible? That question was the subject of a debate between Lord Guthrie, the Scottish member of the royal Divorce Commission that is enquiring into the necessity and desirability of reforming the medieval divorce laws of England, and Mr. Paterson, also a Scottishman, who is a professor of divinity at Edinburgh University. Lord Guthrie holds that a lie is unconditionally reprehensible; that it ought not to be told even to save a human life. Dr. Paterson, the theologian, doesn't agree with the rigid view of Lord Guthrie, who is one of the foremost judges of Scotland. Dr. Paterson holds that a lie may be conditionally justified.

The following is the colloquy which took place between the Scottish judge and the Scottish divine following on an incidental remark by the latter, and subsequently between Prof. Paterson and Sir George White, the latter also a member of the royal



KING GEORGE OF GREECE



MANUEL, KING OF PORTUGAL



KING HAAKON OF NORWAY



EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY



KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN



KING OF DENMARK

commission.

Lord Guthrie.—Do you think it would be a duty, in order to save life, to tell a lie to a would-be murderer?

Prof. Paterson.—St. Augustine is a great authority on the vexed question of casuistry.

Lord Guthrie.—Would it be not merely right but a duty?

Prof. Paterson.—That is a large question that cannot be answered off-hand.

Lord Guthrie reading from a treatise on the Sermon on the Mount, quoted this passage: "It can hardly be denied that there are rare cases when untruthfulness in word becomes a duty; owing to the social evil that verbal truthfulness would involve. Thus, almost all men would think it right to lie to a would-be murderer in order to save life." Do you assent to that?

Prof. Paterson.—I think so.

Lord Guthrie.—Do you? I do not.

Prof. Paterson.—I think it has been laid down that three things are needed for a lie. First, you say the thing that is not; secondly, you know you say the thing that is not; and, thirdly, you are addressing the words to a being who is regarded as a normal human being. If a person is intending murder or is insane, the third condition is not fulfilled.

Lord Guthrie.—Do you think you would be acting up to the Christian ideal in telling a lie in any circumstances whatever?

Prof. Paterson.—The view held by St. Augustine is the rigorous view that you should not tell a lie under any circumstances. I think that is the Christian ideal.

Sir George White.—I should like

to get a little more clearly whether or not you agree with St. Augustine on the question of telling a lie.

Prof. Paterson.—I do not think it is very relevant. You cannot go into the question without going into different types of ethical theory.

Sir George White.—Is not motive the essence of the sin or otherwise?

Prof. Paterson.—You see, it all depends upon a general view of ethical theory. My old teacher, the late Prof. Calderwood, professor of moral philosophy in Edinburgh, held very strongly the view that it was wrong in all circumstances to tell a lie, and I think that is the Christian view.

WHEN EARS GROW SHARP

A French balloonist has recorded the clearness with which sound coming from the surface of the ground can be heard at a high altitude.

At a height of 5,000 feet the ringing of a horse's hoofs on a hard road was clearly audible. At 4,000 feet the plashing sound made by ducks in a pond was heard. The barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks could be heard at 7,000 or 8,000 feet.

These sounds penetrate, through a white floor of cloud that hid the earth from sight. In the perfect silence of the air around the investigator was startled by what seemed steady footsteps close at hand. It was ascertained that this noise was caused by the stretching of the ropes and the yielding of the silk as the balloon continued to expand.—Harper's Weekly.

WHY HE OPPOSES VOTES FOR WOMEN

Lord Curzon has drawn up a leaflet or the Men's League, in England, giving fifteen reasons against this grant of female suffrage, and this leaflet is being extensively distributed by the league. In brief these reasons are:

1.—Political activity would tend to take away woman from her proper sphere.

2.—It would tend by the divisions which it would introduce to break up the harmony of the home.

3.—The grant of votes to women would pave the way to adult suffrage.

4.—Women have not the calmness of temperament nor the training to qualify them to exercise a weighty judgment in political affairs.

5.—The vote is not desired by the large majority of women.

6.—The proposed change is not approved by the large majority of men.

7.—If the vote were granted it is probable that a large number of women would not use it at all.

8.—The presence of a large female factor in the constituencies returning a British Government to power would tend to weaken Great Britain in the estimation of foreign powers.

9.—It would be gravely misunderstood and would become a source of weakness in India.

10.—Women would demand the right of becoming members of parliament, cabinet ministers, judges.

11.—Woman, if placed by the vote on an absolute equality with man, would forfeit much of that respect which has hitherto been her chief protection.

12.—The vote is not required for the removal of hardships from which woman is now known to suffer.

13.—Those persons ought not to make laws who cannot join in enforcing them, i.e., become sailors, soldiers, or policemen.

14.—The intellectual emancipation is proceeding whithersoever the enjoyment of the political franchise.

15.—No precedent exists for giving women, as a class, an active share in the government of a great country or empire.

MONK AND BOURASSA.

At St. Etienne on the seventeenth of July, 1910—mark the great date—

a new era was inaugurated in Canadian politics. So says the racist organ The Devoir. There, amid the plaudits of a delighted audience—an audience whose unanimity betokened people—Mr. Monk and Mr. Jean Prevost shook hands.

It only needs a sufficient appeal to prejudice to carry off any amount of effrontery. One does not need a very long memory to remember how this great national movement began. It was the orator Bourassa who set out to make a name for himself along nationalist lines. He was a man of broad education, was eminent in the constitution in the world than the British, could not think of anything better to set before his people than continuance in the British Empire. He was limited to the poor business of raising his people to condemn anything in Canada that might savor of British control over the country, of taking any share in the burden of the defence of the Empire, under which we have hitherto so confidently rested or of seeking any share in its control.

Still there was enough here to make an appeal to sectionalism.

It was necessary however, in the assertion of leadership on the new lines to storm the stronghold of the old parties. With the exception of the labor men, who seem to have readily fallen into line beside, if not behind, the new leader, the voters were for the most part within one fold or the other, and unless some could be detached there was no hope of a following. Mr. Bourassa, brought

up in the Liberal party, but not allowed to lead it, made war upon it. For this he chose Quebec as his field. He became an ardent churchman, set himself against secular education, and became the champion of the race. What his ultimate hope might be must remain in the background for the present. When he reached the first hill-top he could allow his views to take in a wider horizon. It would be very easy then to put on another coat. While still in the glen he must shout the war cries of the glen. He naturally began his attacks at the ever vulnerable point of government maladministration and having as yet no wrongdoers to follow to defend, as most leaders have the wings of his invective were quite unimpaired. He chose out as the outstanding example of Liberal maladministration, Mr. Jean Prevost, then Minister of Crown Lands of the province. Into that unfortunate he poured shot and shell "à la mitrailleuse." The machine gun of his denunciation was as continuous and disconcerting as the stream from a fire hose. By sheer force of pumping he knocked him off his battlement. The Government, to save itself, handed him over to the enemy, and over he went, bag and baggage. Having, like Noah's dove, no rest for the sole of his foot on any other platform, Jean Sanstede was very soon found whenever Mr. Bourassa was found, a welcome recruit for the new army.

The coalition, however, did not form the great era of which Mr. Bourassa tells us in the Devoir. Mr. Bourassa might have been great in preaching against administrative sins, but where he was true—effective was in prejudicing the people against their rightful share in the Empire. In this he had proved so successful that the leader of the French Canadian wing of the Conservatives found it impossible to rally his followers to a common naval policy were the rest of the population. If Mr. Bourassa's spirit had detached one leader from the ranks of the Dominion Conservatives and left their army minus a limb, a limb which no party in Canada has hitherto got on without, the French-Canadian contingent. The great event was when Mr. Monk and his party, floating derelict on a disconnected raft, took on board the lone swimmer from the other party, and when they hugged him in sympathy.

We are the last to deride the independent politician, when his cause is good. He is worth five score "moutons," who merely follow a shepherd to green pastures. But what we should like to see in the new era would be some vision of its ideals and purposes. There is the constant declaration of loyalty to the British Crown, of admiration for the British Empire and the British constitution. If this is all genuine, what in the world are they after?—Montreal Witness.



CONGRATULATIONS OF CHRISTENDOM
The only Camel that ever got through the eye of a needle.

—Life.

Edmonton

S.W. SANDERSON
762 FIRST ST. PHONE 1784
PHOTOGRAPHER.

AMERICANS CIRCUS CRAZY.

After all it is not remarkable that the wide American people go gadding to the circus in the spring, their coat tails flying, their eyes ablaze, and their right fist grasping their crumpled progeny; for the circus, by long odds, the most thoroughly satisfying entertainment yet devised by man. How many the plays of Shakespeare seen beside it; how faint the unearthly groans and the bellowings of the Wagnerian ring! How tedious a baseball game, even with three men on bases and Hans Wagner at the bat! And how all-fired stupid an ordinary prize fight, railroad wreck earthquake, flood, fire or murder!

The circus indeed is far more than a mere show. It is at one stroke a national madness and a form of exercise, an opera, a drama, and an Olympic game; a school of natural history and a carnival of emotions, a display of fireworks and a zymotic disease.—Baltimore Evening News.



The drought hasn't had any effect on the red blood that courses through the veins of the Southern Alberta baseball fan. Here are some comments by the Taber Free Press on a recent game with Raymond:

"Raymond sustained its reputation of being the rottenest ball town in Alberta." "Raymond don't win on merit. It secures its victories by every method and device of skulduggery." "Your pretty little pitcher that looks like a starved beef stein, and acts in a team, like a blue-mass pill in a breed."

The magistrates always work overtime in the wheat belt during the ball season.

Many are the pitfalls to which a politician is subject. The Toronto Star's correspondent, travelling with Sir Wilfrid Laurier writes:

"While pump-handling the populace at Selkirk on Thursday the Premier met, in due course, one named Sullivan, a lusty Hibernian. Mr. Sullivan, said the mayor, as that worthy's turn came in the line, and he extended a mighty right hand."

"Sutherland," said Sir Wilfrid, who has a soft spot in his heart for all things Scotch, and had not caught the name aright, "Sutherland, that is a good Scotch name."

"Scotch be d—d!" exclaimed the Irishman, as he melted into the crowd. And the Selkirk Liberals fear the party has lost a man."

"What did that old miser spend at your table?" asked one young lady of another at the Kermesse.

"He spent about ten minutes," was the reply.

Justice is hot on the trail of Crippen the dentist. But we have no sympathy for him. Doubtless he used the foot drill on countless numbers of his fellow beings.—Toronto News.

"I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.

"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."

Political Pull

In North Carolina a white man was arrested for stealing chickens from a negro. The jury was composed of seven white men and five negroes, and one of the latter was made foreman. They came into court and the clerk demanded: "Have you agreed upon a verdict?" "Yes, sah," "What is it?" "De jury am gone democrat, sah, and de prisoner am not guilty."

They were arguing about the alleged inborn strain of deceitfulness in woman, and she retaliated by citing the instances of men deceiving their wives. "I suppose," said he, "that you hold that a man should never deceive his wife." "Oh, no," she smiled back at him; "I shouldn't go so far as that. How would it be possible for the average man to get a wife if he didn't deceive her?"

"Do you want to live a long time, Mr. Quiblets?"

"No. When I get too old to dodge automobiles I want to die."

"The chances are you will."

The enthusiastic angler was telling some friends about a proposed fishing trip to a lake in Central Alberta which he had in contemplation. "Are there any trout out there?" asked one friend. "Thousands of 'em," replied the angler. "Will they bite easily?" asked another friend. "Will they?" Why they're absolutely vicious. A man has to hide behind a tree to bait a hook.

"It is rather hard to lose your daughter, eh?" remarked the guest, after the wedding.

"Oh, no," replied the bride's father. "It did seem hard at one time, but Mary finally landed this fellow just as we were losing all hope."

A Bathing Tragedy
She paddled in the water,
A little crabbed caught her,
She screamed and flushed as red as any rose.

And now, oh goodness gracious,
Her feet are not so spacious,
She has but nine pink-tinted little toes.

"Sure! I lost a fortune on the fight."

"It's a fact. I was all ready to put on the market The Nerve Tonic That Brought Jim Jeffries Back and I'd have made a million out of it!"

HELEN KELLER AND MUSIC

Blind, Deaf and Dumb, She Proves Her Appreciation of Piano Music.—Some Remarkable Tests.

In a recent article Prof. Stern, a noted German psychologist describes his meeting and experiments with Helen Keller. As is well known, the latter had often declared that she could derive enjoyment from piano playing if she placed her hands on the instrument, but psychologists in Germany at least thought that it was a case of imagination. Prof. Stern now thinks differently.

He writes: "I seated myself at the piano and Helen Keller leaned her body against the instrument, laying her outstretched hand on the top. I first played a simple melody in four-four times taking particular pains to accentuate the rhythm. Helen Keller immediately began to beat the time with her free hand and, what is more when I finished, she said: 'That is a soldier's march.' Then I played Strauss' 'Blue Danube Waltz,' and here a remarkable effect was noticeable. Helen Keller became greatly agitated, her whole body began to sway and to vibrate and her facial expression revealed evident joy. She expressed the music with such phenomenal power that it could not possibly have been an imagined joy."

Sensitive Fingers.

"When I had finished, she called the piece a country dance. I next played the Chopin funeral march, which had a soothing effect on her and which she called a lullaby. This name is not so wrong, as it seems that the piece in the mood it depicts is not so tragic it is elegiac and tender. In conclu-

sion I made some elemental experiments; I played single tones in the bass and in the treble. Helen Keller immediately knew what I had done and said that it had played low and high notes. She also called a trill by the right name."

Her Beautiful Life.

Dr. Stern writes with great warmth of the impression that Helen Keller made on him and of the beautiful mental atmosphere of her home. He says: "It was one of the most interesting calls I ever made and the impressions I received there were among the noblest, purest and most beautiful that I ever had in my life." Prof. Stern is the first German psychologist to meet Helen Keller personally.

DIFFICULTIES OF AN EX-PRESIDENT

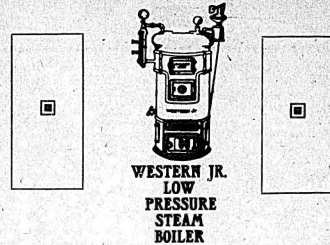
The account of Mr. Roosevelt's three office rooms, in connection with The Outlook establishment in New York, one for himself, one for his secretary, and a third for those who are waiting to see him—tells a story of anything but an opportunity for work. In this connection, the Boston Transcript says:

No ex-President of the United States, who may, by any possibility, be regarded as a candidate for the Presidency again, can do professional work in New York City and maintain any reputation for decent courtesy. That was Mr. Cleveland's experience. He took offices in 1889 with what was then the firm of Bangs, Stetson, Tracy and MacVeagh, with the intention of resuming in a dignified way some of his law practice; but he was utterly unable to do this. He spent practically his entire time during the four years in seeing visitors, and in answering the letters of those who did not present their messages in person.

New York is an astonishing "central" place. It has from six to ten million people within easy reach all the time of such an office as Roosevelt's. The rest of the eighty millions of the nation go to New York with some, though varying, frequency, and when one considers the enormous acquaintance which a President of the United States acquires, among the officeholders of his party, and in other ways, in campaigns, and in the White

House, it is easy to see how constant is his supply of callers. People with a cause want an ex-President's aid; they want him to speak on various occasions; they want to keep up their acquaintance with him; they want to thank him for past favors, or, perhaps, to get into line for those of the future. Mr. Roosevelt in this respect will have the experience of Mr. Cleveland over again, except for increased proportions, due to the greater size of the city and country today, and the larger hold which Roosevelt has gained on the public. If he does any writing for The Outlook it will be in the quiet of Oyster Bay. His offices

in the city, it may safely be predicted, will prove merely a headquarters for seeing people. It would not be strange if, in recognition of this, the Associated Press and other agencies should station a man at The Outlook suite, just as they have for seven years at Washington, to keep tabs on his plans and programme. There are two kinds of ex-Presidents, those who are absolutely through with the office, like Mr. Cleveland after 1889, and Mr. Roosevelt today, and by decree of popular opinion still large-sized "possibilities." It is the latter type on whom the pressure of callers is naturally most severe.



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SAVED FROM THE KNIFE

Appendicitis Cured By "Fruit-a-lives"

NEWBURY, Ont., Feb. 12th, 1910.
Just about a year ago, our daughter Ella (fourteen years), was taken with terrible pains in the right side. The pain was so severe that we had to carry her to bed. We at once put her under the care of a first-class doctor, who pronounced it a case of Appendicitis and advised an operation.

We took her to a hospital in Kingston where she was again examined by an eminent specialist. He said she had Appendicitis and must be operated on at once if we wanted to save her life. As we had taken her to Kingston to have this done we were ready, but our daughter was afraid and cried and begged so pitifully that we postponed it for that day. Luckily for us and for her, an uncle came in with some "Fruit-a-lives" and insisted on Ella taking them. Good results were apparent almost from the first dose, and the continuous treatment cured her.

"Fruit-a-lives" saved our daughter from the surgeon's knife and to-day she is enjoying the best of health."
J. W. FOX, (father).
LILLIAN FOX, (Mother).
Words cannot express the gratitude of Mr. and Mrs. Fox. And Miss Ella will always remember "Fruit-a-lives"—the discovery of an eminent physician, and the only medicine in the world made of fruit. See a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25¢. At dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ontario.



THE BIRCHALL CRIME RECALLED

The marriage of the eldest son of Mr. Lowther, Speaker of the British House of Commons, to Miss Nina Pelly, the actress, recalls the fact that it was her brother, Douglas Pelly, together with Frederick C. Benwell, whom the murderer J. R. Birchall induced to come to Ontario in 1890 to learn farming in the Niagara Peninsula. Birchall murdered Benwell and his arrest saved Pelly from a like untimely grave. Birchall was executed at Woodstock on November 14, 1890. Pelly returned to England and entered the church. His father is Canon Raymond Pelly. His youngest sister, the actress, who has married Mr. Christopher Lowther, has recently been appearing in "The Blue Bird" in London. The groom has until now been

attache of the British Legation at Santiago, where his uncle, Sir Gerard Lowther's place as minister plenipotentiary has recently been taken by another kinsman, H. C. Lowther. But young Christopher Lowther's marriage has led him to sever his connection with the diplomatic service, as he has secured an excellent and lucrative appointment in connection with some of the great public works which Sir Westman Pearson, lately created a peer, is carrying out in Chili.—Toronto Star.

Training

"I don't understand how one can learn boxing by correspondence as this advertisement states. How can one get any practice?"
"Oh, you get your practice licking stamps."

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



THE MANLY ART

(John May, in Montreal Herald)
At risk of causing some good people shocks, I hold that all men should know how to box; That every youth, ere out in life he starts, Should have a training in the "manly art."

"An advocate of quarrelling!" you exclaim?
No so; to minimize it is my aim. The quarrelsome are not the men that know How to administer or dodge a blow. The brawler seldom knows the way to fight; He starts the row and then gets out of sight; The scioned boxer ne'er provokes attack; But, if it comes, he doesn't turn his back.

The bully is a coward in his heart—Brute force his notion of the "manly art." And I have known one touch of scioned list Place him for life upon the "civil" list.

No man can say how soon he must defend, Himself, his goods, a woman, or a friend; One scientific blow, and it is done Without a bludgeon or a Yankee "gun." Or keen stiletto, letting out the life—All bad, and needless to a manly strife. The Englishman's a boxer, high or low;

What other nationality can show A scander use of poniard, club or "gun?" Fist settles matters; and no harm is done.

Canadians, use the fist! At most it stuns; No plunging poniards here, no pulling guns. If all could box, our quarrels would decrease; This is the high road to a stable peace.

All Canadian cricketers are following closely the records of the Toronto Zingari in England and it is well worth while reproducing what one of the best critics of the game in the Old Land has to say of their work. He writes:

The Toronto Zingari accomplished a fine performance at the Oval this week. They came with a good reputation for flighty "heady" bowling and sure fielding, and maintained this to the full. Their fielding, particular was splendid and above the standard of several county elevens. The wicket-keeper, W. W. Wright is good enough for any county eleven, and, if available, there would not be the slightest hesitation in playing him for the Gentlemen's representative eleven.

Fine Throwing
He is favored in one sense, by the unerring aim of his close infielders which is consistently better than anything I have seen since I left India. Australians not excepted, but his methods were first-class, quite apart from the assistance of his straight-throwing comrades. They have no genuinely fast bowler, Rathbun being the fastest, Beemer bowls quite a good leg-break without revealing his intentions by an action which in some ways is reminiscent of J. H. King, the great Philadelphia bowler, while the length of Gibson is, for a leg-break bowler, wonderfully accurate.

Batting is Weakest
H. F. Lownsborough, who hit a capital century, has a curious record on this tour for single figure scores in the first innings, followed by a score of over 50 in the second. His is a free style and he batted without gloves. The batting of the team was its weakest point, but being used to hard wickets, the men have been rather at sea on the mud we have had since their arrival.

One of their number had an innings at the nets to the bowling of W. J. Abel on Tuesday. Mixed among his fast medium ones the bowler now and then sent down the real "googly." To this wrong break the Canadian quickly tumbled, but played the ball several times left handed with a quick change

of grip. Once Abel detected him about to shift his hands, so instead of bowling the googly he rammed in a fast yorker which knocked a stump through the back net. "Guess I wasn't expecting that one," said the batsman cheerily.

They enjoy their cricket, these fifteen men of a club of only twenty-five members, and retire laughing even after an L.B.W. decision, as in the case of S. R. Saunders, who was rubbing it in after a crack on the leg, when told by the wicketkeeper that he had been given out. He at once walked away as though going to draw a legacy. They have made many friends at the Oval, where, admirably captained by W. J. Fleury, their cricket in general contained much to admire. He hit a ready wit, has the mind of a Canadian skipper. "Sorry," said his partner, apologetically as for the fourth consecutive ball of the over he scored a single. "Don't see what you've been sorry for," said Fleury, "unless 'tis because you're getting all the cricket."

Says the London Daily Mail: The Toronto Zingari team now touring in England gained a splendid victory over the gentlemen of Surrey. The captain of the team, W. J. Fleury, was a member of the Canadian team which toured here in 1887. In Surrey's first innings, A. A. Beemer took four wickets for 43 runs. He is a fast right-hand bowler, and, as he stands over six feet and possesses a high delivery, he can make the ball "fly" a bit. F. H. Lownsborough, who scored 136 not out, is a most attractive batsman, and generally produces his best cricket on big occasions. He is apt, however, to start trying for brilliant strokes before he is properly settled down.

W. W. Wright has kept wicket for Canada for many years, but it is only during the past year or two that he has come on so much in his batting. At the Oval he scored, not out, 45 and 58. P. E. Henderson, a right-hand-medium slow left-breaker, captured eight wickets for 23 runs. Although he bowls right-handed, he is one of the best left-handed bowlers in Canada, but is rather a nervous starter. The faster the pitch, the better he bowls, and if the weather holds good, he will probably reap a harvest of wickets. Will Canada one day be clamoring and with justice, for "quadrilateral" test matches?

What are some of the longest drives which have been made? To secure accurate records is rather difficult, for if the ground be sloppy or hardened by frost and the wind is following, the ball is bound to travel yards farther than would otherwise be the case. But driving a long ball is one of the spectacular features of the game which the onlooker will remember when a perfect approach from 100 yards is forgotten. Perhaps the reason is that a drive of 300 yards or more cannot be equalled by many players, and the approach which is dead to the hole is only a sample of what every golfer at one or more times has accomplished.

The longest recorded and fully authenticated drive was made by James Braid at the fifteenth hole at Walton Heath. The latter has described the achievement as follows:

"The longest drive I have ever made so far as I can remember, was in 1905, when playing a round at Walton Heath with Mr. (now Sir) George Biddell. The course was frost bound and the wind at our backs when we were playing the fifteenth hole, and I hit my tee shot a distance of 395 yards, carefully calculated afterwards. At the eighteenth hole in the same round I drove to the bunker guarding the green, a drive of 350 yards."

The fifteenth hole at Walton Heath has a slight downward slope, but the eighteenth has not. The drive at the fifteenth is the longest of which there is any written record. The distances were measured by Sir Alex. Kennedy, the engineer.

At the North Berwick tournament in July, 1909, W. H. Horne drove 388 yards. The North Berwick town clerk in issuing the certificate signed by the green keeper stated: "There is a steady fall from the tee to the hole. The surface was firm and favorable to a long run, while the wind was strong and practically following the player."

HOW TO KEEP SHOES.

Shoes should be kept well oiled in damp weather and if wet should be dried slowly lest they warp or shrink. The method of occasionally rubbing over kid shoes with castor oil is adopted by some people. One of the best methods of rendering new boots impervious to damp is that of varnishing the soles. Three or four coatings should be applied in succession, while the whole surface of the leather, composing the uppers should be rubbed over with a cut lemon, the latter precaution insuring a good polish at the outset, always somewhat of a difficulty where new footwear is concerned.

SIDE BY SIDE FROM MONTREAL.

We rode together on the train From Montreal that summer day; I saw the fields of waving grain, The peaceful hamlets far away; The wide St. Lawrence here and there Outspread itself before my view. But she was young and she was fair, And what cared I for vista where The slanting sky was clear and blue?

From Montreal we journeyed West: The country side was fair and green, A jewel gleamed upon my breast, A lovelier maid was ever seen. The shores of blue Ontario The beauties spread before my gaze;

Her cheeks possessed a healthful glow, And what cared I to watch the flow Of brooks that wound through leafy ways?

How green the Dundas Valley spread, She sat across the narrow aisle, An artist might have turned his head And longed to linger there a while; No fairer scene has ever won Such praise as poets may bestow, But what cared I how rain and sun Had laid the restful color on

The canvas that was stretched below?

We, side by side, from Montreal Sped westward past the peaceful hills

And now and then a waterfall That served half-hidden rustic mills; We passed together the frontier, Before me spread my native land; Yet what cared I? It still was dear, But she was sitting very near, And you—ah, you can understand.

From Montreal we journeyed far; Chicago's lights began to glow, And, leaning over in the car, I spoke a civil word or so. She tossed her head disgustfully, And would not heed my poor excuses;

"I've paid for all my meals," said she; "You might have made it nice for me;

"You waited till it is no use." —S. E. Kiser in the Chicago Record-Herald.

AREOPLANE TERROR

While the well-known medical authority, the London Lancet, admits that mechanical difficulties in connection with aero travelling are rapidly being surmounted, it points out that even were they all disposed of a trip through the air would still involve a good deal of nerve. "The giddy height," it says, "will have to be faced, the sudden swoop down or rise upward, with its disagreeable effects for a great many people, will have to be reckoned with."

"Seasickness," it continues, "is a terror to many people, and the chances are that air sickness will be worse. Most persons, again, have experienced the unpleasant feeling, in a lift when it commences its descent, or in a swing when, like the pen-hum, it swings back.

"Not a few persons refuse to stand close to the edge of a cliff or to trust themselves to look down into a vast chasm immediately beneath their feet owing to vague feelings of giddiness, fears of falling arising out of sense of a jeopardized equilibrium."

"Tom," laughed the pretty girl, "this is the old hammock you proposed in. It has had its day."

"Er—you mean its night, don't you, dear?" responded her fiancé.



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cans who went to Canada are dissatisfied with the nature of the soil and the kinds of crops that can be grown there. No one pretends to say that there is no poor land in Canada; naturally the settler who is so ill-advised as to select poor land becomes dissatisfied with his choice; but Canadians do claim that there are larger areas of first class lands in any of the three western provinces than can be found in any of the United States and thousands of Americans in Canada, who were shrewd enough to select such lands stand ready to substantiate that claim.

Regarding the crops that can be grown here, it naturally follows that many of those who pine for water-melons and pumpkins, tomatoes and "roasting ears," will be disappointed, yet there are numerous areas in which even these are successfully grown. As was the case in the Dakotas and Minnesota these areas are each year becoming more numerous and larger and there is every reason to believe that just as occurred in the States, referred to, these areas will continue to increase in number and extent until they embrace within the next decade at least the entire south half of the Prairie Provinces.

Mr. Blanchard's statement that the crops in Canada are limited to alfalfa and winter wheat and his reference to the ice and snow in August and September last year, recall the remark of a certain American humorist who said that there are three kinds of lies, common lies, d-d lies and statistics. The only modification that we can suggest to this classification is that it be put in the personal form and read common liars, d-d liars, and statisticians.

Western Canada produces all the small grains, and all the small fruits that can be grown in the States and the quantity and quality of these are not surpassed anywhere.

As to the ice and snow of August and September last we need not say that our greatest regret is that the rains which usually come at the time of the autumnal equinox and the snow which sometimes accompanies it, failed entirely last year. So confidently have Canadian farmers learned to depend on this rainfall that they failed to conserve what fell earlier in the season, hence the present partial crop failure. Wherever rains were taken to conserve the June and July rainfall of 1900, there is a fair and in some cases a very good crop now. Had the usual rains or even snow fallen in September last, the usual bountiful harvest would be ripening today.

-Alberta Homestead.

He is a wise man who knows when to be foolish.

Make the most of your opportunities and they will make the most of you.

BORN

PATE—At 704 McDougall avenue on Friday, July 29, the wife of Mr. J. W. G. Pate, a daughter.

WANTED—GOOD OLD COUNTRY Furniture, China, Sheffield Plate or Silver.—Address M. F. H., Saturday News.

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THE RETIREMENT OF THE REPUBLICAN LEADER IN THE AMERICAN SENATE



The Elephant: "But if you quit the show, who's to be blamed for everything?"

SOME FUNNY WAYS OF SHOWING LOVE

Remarkable Ways in Which Some Husbands and Wives Manifest Devotion

WHAT IS REAL ACID TEST?

Mr. A. Talks Much, Loves Little
—Mr. B. Gives Money, But Not Himself

"It's a queer world," said the woman who loves to philosophize, "and in nothing queerer than in the way people take to show their affection for each other. Sometimes I wonder what is the real acid test of love, and by what unmistakable sign and token we could really measure another's devotion to us."

"Take the case of the A's. Mr. A. is past grand master in the art of love-making. He wooed Mrs. A. with a fire and passion, a poetry and romance that belonged to a three-volume novel, rather than real life. He wasn't much of a catch in a worldly way, being one of the young men who had tried half a dozen professions and callings without ever being able to settle down to any one of them and make a living by working at it, but when Mrs. A. hesitated about trusting her fate into his hands he made himself so picturesquely miserable before her and swore that he would kill himself if she didn't marry him, that she succumbed.

"They were married. That is ten years ago now, and Mr. A. has made good on his anti-nuptial program, he is still just as gallant as ever. He still apparently takes just as much interest in his wife's hand as he did before marriage. He still imprints fervent kisses on her lips and tells her that she is the most beautiful, the most charming, the most fascinating woman in the world, and assures her that his affection grows deeper day by day.

"But his love has never made him willing to work for her, or prompted him to try to shield her from any of the storms of life. He lets her take boarders to support him, the while he assures her that she is an angel. If there is anything disagreeable to be done, she has to do it, but he compensates her upon her taste and marvelous executive ability. If there is something to be fetched from downstairs, her tired feet have to make the trip, but he never omits to remark on what a "graceful walk" she has.

"I observed, however, that Mrs. A. smiles a cynical and bitter smile whenever people remark to her on how beautiful her husband's devotion to her is, and I know that she is thinking that love that takes itself out in talk is a pretty poor variety of near-love.

Forget to Give Himself.

"Then there is the case of the B's. Mr. B. is practical and unromantic, and since the day that he led Mrs. B. to the altar he has never paid her a compliment, or told her once that he loved her, or made any speeches that could be tortured into a resemblance of sentimentality. But he slaves his fingers to the bones to make his wife comfortable. She has a fine house and beautiful clothes, and between her and every hardship stands a man who is tending off the very winds that they may not blow harshly on her.

"But Mrs. B. is hungry-hearted. She would like to see that she is loved, that her husband still admires her, that presence is indispensable to her, that she appreciates what she does for him. Sometimes she tries to draw him out and make him make love to her in spite of himself. She says: "Do you love me, John?" And he answers without lifting his eyes from his paper: "Oh, of course. Don't bother me. I am reading the stock report."

"Or she tries to corkscrew a compliment out of him by saying: "How do I look?" And he replies without looking at her: "Oh, right." Or she says: "How do you like my new dress?" and he answers: "Is that a new dress? I never notice."

"And Mrs. B. is of the Patient Griselda type, goes away cut to the heart by her husband's apparent indifference, convinced he has ceased to love her, and if she isn't of the Patient Griselda type she hearkens to the voice of some one who isn't too busy proving his love by working to support her to hand her over for a few compliments.

Jealousy Snails It All
"And then there is Mrs. C. who simply slaves herself to death for her husband in order to save him the price of a servant, and who stew and bakes herself into a regular burnt offering over the kitchen stove, cooking the fancy dish he loves. There isn't a sacrifice on earth of which she would not make for him, and yet she flies into tempers and says the most cruel and bitter things to him that would hurt him to the quick.

"He has, too, an old mother to whom



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BRITAIN'S SECOND CHAMBER PROBLEM.



Asquith's Ideal Second Chamber

—Fall Mail Gazette (London).

he is tenderly devoted, and it would mean the greatest happiness to him to be able to have her live in his house, but because of her love for him his wife is filled with such a fierce jealousy that this is impossible, and he is denied his dearest wish.

"Sometimes I have heard people speak to him of his wife's love for him, and the queerest mocking light comes into his eyes, and I know that he is saying to himself that he has weighed it in the balance and found it wanting.

Nagging Mrs. D.

"And there is Mrs. D., whose love expresses itself in nagging and henpecking until he poor, persecuted husband must almost wish that she hated him. She is never happy when he is out of her sight, and when he is in it she is telling him to do this and not to do that for fear that he'll sit in a draught or eat something that disagrees with him, until you can see him fairly gnash his teeth in fury. He has no more liberty than a ticket-of-leave man, because she never permits him to go anywhere without her to watch over him, and if he does go and is ten minutes late in getting back she is simply hysterical and makes as much of a scene as if he had done something terrible.

"You have only to look at his weary face and listen to his exasperated voice to know that she has made her love a burden that he would duck if he could. Queer, isn't it, the way love manifests itself?"

Abolish Paris Fashions

The ladies of Venice have formed a league to discourage Paris fashions and bring back the medieval Italian style. They hold that the vision of a Venetian woman attired in the latest Paris creation, and seated in a gondola in one of the picturesque canals of the city is a sight so ridiculous to become pathetic. Headed by Signora Rosa Genouli, the novelist, these daughters of Venice have started a crusade that promises to bring renaissance styles back to Italy.

Wear Paper Attire.

Paper clothes were worn by the Japanese troops, who found them very serviceable and much warmer than those of cloth. Paper dressing gowns, robes and similar articles of attire are now being turned out by the carload in England, France, Germany and other European countries. The paper whereof they are made is of the "blotting" variety, and after being

reated by a new process is dyed in various colors or printed with a pretty floral design.

Berlin to Be a Seaport.

It has been officially stated before the summer of 1912 the ship canal from Settin to Berlin will be completed and ready for traffic. The length of the canal is eighty-two miles. The completion of the canal will enable Berlin to receive cargoes without breaking bulk from ports throughout the world. The canal won't accommodate gigantic freighters, but it will be sufficiently deep to permit the passage of the ordinary freighter.

Recipe For Grape Salad

Select perfect Tokay grapes, remove from the stems, open on side, remove the seeds carefully and fill the space with tiny balls of cream cheese which has been mixed with a small amount of French dressing. Arrange the grapes on lettuce. Pour over them a mayonnaise and at the side of each plate lay a bunch of grapes.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from first page.)

and which found expression in the bestowal upon him of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and in the kindest messages of sorrow and of sympathy from Queen Alexandra, King George and Queen Mary to his widow on his death.

There have been other similar cases, which will come readily to mind, in which a public man has had aspersions cast upon his reputation and has declined to take action to clear his character. In one of these, at least, the writer has personal knowledge that the man in question could have shown without the slightest difficulty that the charges against him were false, but preferred to let them stand for exactly the reason that, according to the Marquis de Fontenay, prompted Sir William Butler. He deliberately made the sacrifice to save a woman as innocent as himself from the notoriety which she would have acquired through his taking proceedings.

The excellent article on the development of transportation facilities in the West, which appears on the third page of this issue, should be credited to Canadian Finance, Winnipeg.

When a baby in a home for poor children begins to cry that is form of charity law.